

# CASCADIAN

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# STAFF

CO-EDITORS \_\_\_\_\_ EUNICE NEILSON  
SALLY WALKER  
ASSISTANT EDITOR \_\_\_\_\_ RUTH WYLIE  
LITERARY ADVISOR \_\_\_\_\_ MR. McPHERSON

## STAFF

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	YVONNE STAZICKER
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ODD PAGE _____	SUSAN MATHER

TYPISTS . . . . . ILLUSTRATIONS . . . . PRODUCTION

SALLY WALKER  
CAROLE COLCLOUGH  
EUNICE NEILSON

MARILYN McHARDY  
SUSAN MATHER  
IAN NEILSON

# THE PACKSACK



In all our cities and most of the bigger towns, Santa Claus is now braying, ho-hoing and singing his infernal ditties out of store windows, over the top of transoms, and from other points of vantage and surprise all over the downtown districts. It is to continue for another seventeen days. The question is: can we take it?

Santa Claus originally was a secretive sort of fellow. Not only did nobody ever see him. You weren't even supposed to hear him. He came by stealth in the middle of the night. So intent upon not being visualized was he that he came down chimneys instead of using doors or even windows. A more elusive and invisible character did not exist. He was such stuff as dreams are made on, and you were only to see him in your dreams.

Then along about the three-quarter post of the last century, somebody, probably a merchant at that, or a salesman, got the idea of dressing up as Santa Claus in his own house, and entertaining his children. The idea spread like wildfire. Santa Claus suits and beards went on sale everywhere. By 1900, a daddy who wouldn't dress up as Santa Claus early Christmas morning wasn't worthy of the name.

But just about the time every house on the street had an old Santa Claus outfit stowed away with the Christmas tree decorations, the stores got the notion of removing the old gentleman from

the domestic to the mercantile sphere. And there he is today, dozens of him in every city, as competitive an old boy as ever came out of mythology.

The conversion of Santa Claus from the most elusive and ethereal into the most solid and multiple of figures, all within two generations, is probably as slick a job as the twentieth century has done so far. From a souldless wraith into the noisiest guy in history it stands as quite a feat of social engineering.

# AS THE STUDENT SEE'S IT

## Heating of the High School

On making a recent survey of the B.H.S. students, I have received the following information dealing with the given subject.

### Grade Ten

Radiators-----hot  
Girls-----very hot  
Boys-----sleepy

### Grade Eleven

The ones by the radiators are hot, and ones by the doors are cold. This means the boys are hot and girls are cold. (Well kids what are you going to do about it?)

### Grade Twelve

This room is entirely different from the rest, one day it is as warm as toast, the next day everyone makes a dive for the radiators.

Is this the "Hot and Cold War" due to the heating system of the school, or is it because there are too many hot students in one room, and not enough in the other?

I wonder.

Serious speaking, this is "As the Student Sees It" don't you think?

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Two ants were running along at a great rate across a cracker box when one asked, "Why are we going so fast?"  
"Don't you see?" said the other, "It says tear along dotted line!"

Man is the only animal who can be skinned more than once.

Three deaf gentlemen were on a train bound for London.  
"What station is this?" inquired the first.  
"Wembley," answered the guard.  
"Heavens!" said the second "I thought it was Thursday!"  
"So am I" exclaimed the third, "Let's all have a drink."

# Fashions

Again the gusty winds of winter blow down the halls of ol' B. H. S. and again the girls are resorting to the familiar skirts and sweaters. The sweaters this year are far distant from the sloppy-jow so commonly seen in the past years. New sleek and feminine sweater-wear is being daintily displayed more and more. Though the slim pencil skirt is still worn the fuller skirts accented with unpressed pleats are "tops" in skirt fashion now. These are made of warm flannel and cosy wolens and gabardine.



To adorn the sweater is still popular sweater rags or rich-looking medallions of copper, gold and silver.

Something new has been introduced from the United States and has certainly caught on — even in Banff. The famous "waist cinches" are of wide elastic fastened in the center with attractive clasps. Not only do they look chic but they also nip in your waist (making you oh-so-neat.)

# Glamour

This fall most of the boys of the Banff High School seem to be fitted out with something along these lines.

(1) A long checkered coat with built in shoulder pads for those boys with round shoulders. The collar is generally worn up so as to clean the neck and draw the excess oil out of ones hair.

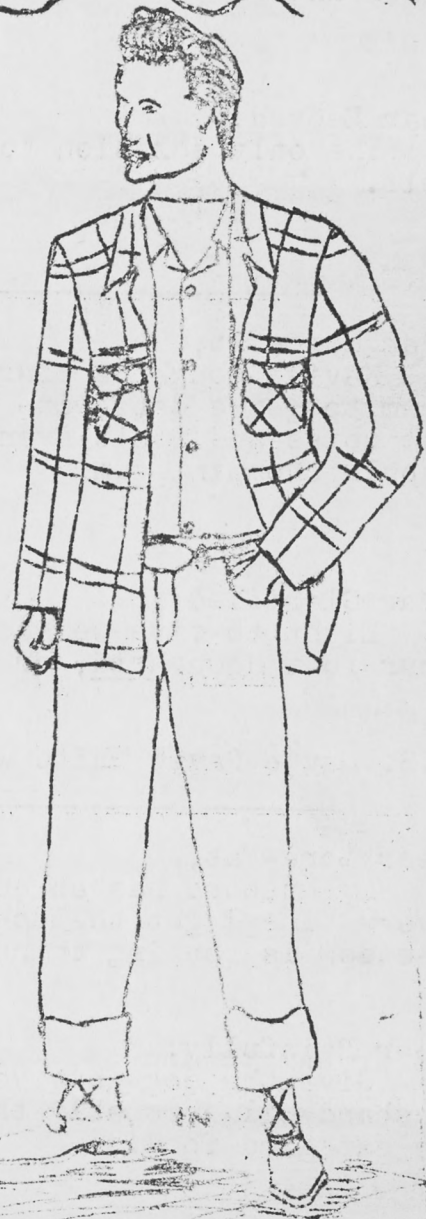
(2) The pants are of the finest eleven ounce denium. Tailored by Ping to last a lifetime. The cuffs are rolled in order to collect the dirt and fleas when the hair is combed, eliminating sweeping the floor.

(3) Coming up we find a white sweat-shirt topped by a blinding sports shirt made to withstand the wear and tear of Fred when playing "Kill".

(4) Everyone is still wearing oxfords or loafers of some discription. These are usually bought two or three sizes too big so that when it snows extra socks may be worn.

(5) The brightest hued diamond socks made from durable nylon (guaranteed to last one year without washing) are now in style.

(6) The hair is left until it reaches the middle of the back and covers the ears and forehead. What's wrong boys, the price of haircuts gone up.).



# ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

Dear More-Fat,

On a very important date held in the Hub Cafe recently I was very peeved because my old man wouldn't give me his Nash so I could get my girl. He said the election of Eisenhower was too important.

Dear Peeved:

The only solution to your problem is run for president yourself.

Dear More-Fat,

Having bought a clarinet three weeks ago I find that I can't seem to get a date with my girlfriend anymore. She complains about the noise and won't even speak to me unless I give her some double-bubble chompin' gum.

Gummily yours,  
Clarified.

Dear Clarified:

Eight to five we know what that gum is for. Either you put your foot down hard, or get her interested in the saxophone.  
More-Fat.

P.S. Maybe Davie White will give her lessons if she is cute enough.

Dear More-Fat,

My husband has an annoying habit of eating the dog's food. Every time I get the dog something to eat, my husband eats it first. The dog is getting thinner all the time. What shall I do?  
Painfully yours,

Dear Painfully:

Give the dog what you usually put on your husband's plate. Your husband will probably think it's poison but the dog will continue to eat good food.

More-Fat.

P.S. To the dog meat, add a little monosodium glutamate (Accent.) Improves flavor.

Dear More-Fat,

I ran away from my girlfriend the other day and now I haven't anyone to wash my socks. The smell is slowly driving me to insanity.  
Smellfully yours,  
Foocy.

con't.

Dear Fooey:

How about trying Air-Wick? You can even get the handy pocket size. If the smell gets too bad, try mixing it with your milk, we guarantee that you'll forget everything.

More-Fat.

---

Dear More-Fat,

On a recent dog sled trip to North pole for a scientific exploratory company (Moe's of Lower Slobovia) I fell madly in love with an Eskimo girl but can't get enough dogs to pull her out.

Signed,  
Rosputinbuck.

Dear Rosputinbuck:

Our advice to you is to try a bulldozer. If that won't stand the strain, wait until the spring thaw and maybe she'll float down.

Icely yours,  
More-Fat.

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Dear More-Fat,

When I returned from Korea with a Beeeautiful wife I found that I can't get her past the customs inspectors. She won't fit in the building, so what am I to do?

The Thin Man.

Dear Thin Man:

Haven't you heard about the method of shipping freight over the border? If weighing over 3,000lbs. there will be no inspection. (Providing it's packed well.) What are you waiting for?

Freightfully yours,  
More-Fat.

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Dear More-Fat,

I was out at a party last night and got drunk. Today in school the principal told me to quit school and get married, to which mother replied: "I won't let you do anything of the sort." My girlfriend brought over another bottle and I am getting drunk again. Tell me what to do quick.

Signed,  
Cronic (Alcoholic)

Dear Cronic:

Silly boy, haven't you heard of A.A.

More-Fat.

P.S. If you have any left you know where to bring it.

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# 000 PAGE

At a night spot in one of the Northern New York's resorts, we were watching a group of college boys each trying to pick up a pert, shapely blonde. She was playing the field, keeping them impartially at bay.

During one of the intermissions the orchestra leader announced, "Will the owner of the yellow Cadillac convertible please move his car, as it is blocking the driveway."

We looked to see who the owner was. One of the boys detached himself from the group and strolled out the door with dignity. A few minutes after his return the girl was seated at a table with him, giving him her undivided attention.

We happened to leave at the same time they did and saw them climb gaily into a yellow car—to our surprise, a much-decorated, ancient Model A Ford roadster.

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You write me that you're lonesome,  
That you miss my pretty face,  
That you never date another girl  
And you don't go anyplace.  
You tell me that a hermit's life  
Describes what you are leading,  
And every evening after chow  
You spend your hours reading.  
You tell me that the thought of me  
Is all that you require,  
I write you that I do the same.  
Now who's the biggest liar?

---

Little Penrod was walking down the street with little Joan, age four. As they were about to cross the street, Penrod remembered his mother's teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered valiantly.

"Okay," agreed Joan. "But I want you to know you're playing with fire."

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The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

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Stone age lover's slogan: I came, I saw, I conked her.

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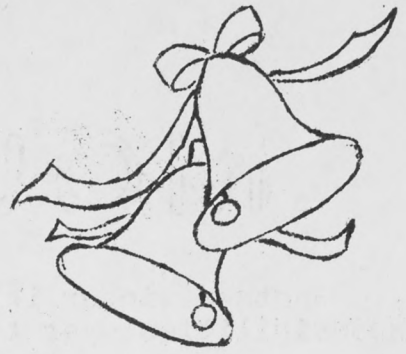
1st Man: "Yes, I studied the cello for seven years."

2nd Man: "Seven years! Isn't that rather a long time?"

1st Man: "Not when you consider that for the first six, I thought you had to blow into it."

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Now I lay me down to sleep  
The teacher's dull, subject's deep  
If he should quit before I wake  
Give me a poke, for goodness sake!



### CATHERINE JOYCE WATSON WEDS IN DOUBLE-RING CEREMONY

At a recent double-ring ceremony in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Miss Catherine Joyce Watson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W.I. Watson of Banff, was united in marriage with Mr. Vernon Stanley Holt, son of Mr. Ernest Holt of Toronto.

Tinted pampas grass decorated the church for the late afternoon service, which was conducted by Rev. Kerr.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore an off the shoulder gown of white satin and yoke of lace. Her floor length veil of English lace, borrowed from her sister Mrs. Hank Chanmey, fell from a crown trimmed with pearls and sequins, and she carried an orchid on a white bible, with white streamers. Her jewelry consisted of a fourth generation gold heirloom brooch with pearls, emeralds and amethysts, a gift from Mrs. William Guild, and her grandmother's engagement ring.

Mrs. Jerry Richie was her matron of honor, wearing a gown of pink organdy. She carried a pink muff with white streamers and pink and white carnations. Bridesmaids were Miss Barbara Bradley, who wore green and Miss Marion Thompson, who wore yellow. They carried identical colonial bouquets of roses, carnations and chrysanthemums. The headresses matched the gowns in the form of small caps and shoulder length veils.

The bride's mother wore a grey suit, with coat, hat and accessories of violet.

The Groomsman was Mr. Chris Holt and the ushers were Jerry Rickie, and Morris Holt. Mrs. H. Chamney was her sister's organist and the soloist was Miss Irene Glover.

Following the reception in the Masonic Hall, where Mr. Ernie Waklyn proposed the toast to the bride, the couple left to spend their honeymoon at Calgary and Acme. For traveling the bride wore an all wool jersey dress of pink with grey accessories and a corsage of yellow roses and mauve mums.

Mr. & Mrs. Vernon Holt will reside in Banff at 133 Grizzly Street.

# MOUNT TEEN

Another winter is here and last years executive has turned all responsibilities over to the new executive.

## RETIRED EXECUTIVE

## POSITION

## NEW EXECUTIVE

JEAN ALLEN  
JACK LEAVITT  
FRED WILLIAMSON  
DORTHY GOETT  
ROY McCOWAN  
FRANKY DAVIDSON  
GARY McDONAGH  
CAROLE SMITH

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
TREASURER  
SECRETARY  
SOCIAL CONVENOR  
DIRECTOR (17-19)  
DIRECTOR (15-17)  
DIRECTOR (13-15)

TED STAFFORD  
KEN WILLIAMSON  
YVONNE STAZICKER  
SYLVIA THORNE  
SALLY WALKER  
JACK LEAVITT  
ESTHER McBRIDE  
PAT HENRY

Mr. Colclough is no longer our advisor, for sponsoring us this year we have the J.C.'s. Miss Gratz has again accepted the position of Honorary President.

We've had a variety of functions to date, and the executive is planning many more.

Our first function, a Membership Dance, held on October 10, brought us a grand total of 125 members.

October 17, will go down in M.T.C. history. The executive did what they thought impossible. They arranged a swimming party and weinner roast. This outing was enjoyed by all, even if some did catch colds.

A Leap Year and Hard Times Dance was held on October 24. The girls made corsages for the boys, of fruit and vegetables, which were judged by Mr. Bob McDermott and Mr. Eldon Walls. John Derrick (Shonna Bayne) and Bob Sunburg (Betty Forrest) received prizes for the best corsages.

The M.T.C. had its annual Formal on November 14. The theme of the dance was "Blue Moon". Irene Glover opened the occasion with the lyric "Blue Moon". The auditorium was decorated with blue and white streamers and a large blue moon hung in the centre of the hall.

The scholarships were presented to Doris Livingstone and Doris Bingay for being the brains of grade twelve. Bob Sunburg and George Christo received the scholarships for grade nine. Bob was the only one present to receive his scholarship. The rest will receive theirs by mail.

A Ronson lighter with a M.T.C. crest was presented to Mr. Colclough in appreciation for his services as our advisor for the past years.

There are a number of conventions held in Banff by its numerous clubs and M.T.C. is no exception. The Alberta Teen Council will hold a convention here next February. It is up to the Mounteen Club to decide where everyone will stay, what the entertainment will be, what date to hold it and where all meetings will take place.

## MOUNTEEN

This is a large project and is being contemplated by the executive. If you are asked to help out a bit, please say "yes", as we will need every bit of co-operation to undergo such a task.

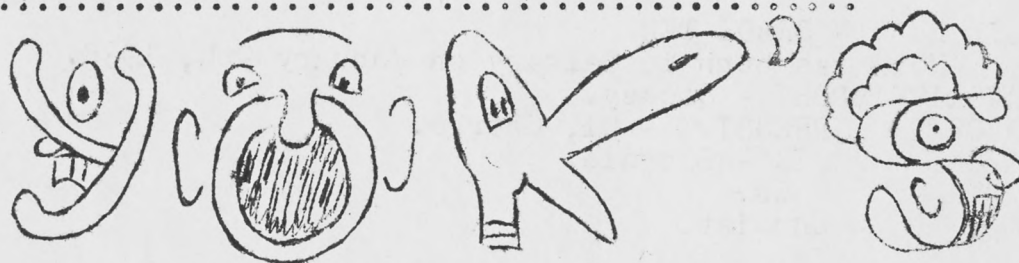
It was decided at the last Alberta Teen Council Meeting, which was held in Medicine Hat on November 1 & 2, that a teener must have a A.T.C. card before he or she is permitted to any teen dance other than the club to which they belong. With this card one can go to any Teen Dance in Alberta.

As you all probably know the M.T.C. is equipping a room in the Crippled Childrens Hospital in Calgary. All money making schemes are for this purpose. You are welcome, anytime, when in Calgary, to see the room, if you so desire.

I've noticed a large number of photographers at our functions. I'd like to ask there guys a question. Do any of the pictures turn out?

They do, well then you're the men (editors note: MEN ! in Banff ? Where? The most common species of a male, to be seen now-a-days are mice) we want to see. The executive has started a scrap book and if you will bring any pictures of the functions to Joanne McKinnon, she will pick out those she wants and gladly pay for them. (She's loaded with dough.)

The Mounteen Club thus far is <sup>a</sup>grand success-----thanks to all its members. If the parties are boring for you its your own fault because its only as successful as you, yourselves, make it. So keep up the good work. Three cheers to the executive and three cheers to its members.



Meteorologist ---a man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.

A teacher is one whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has avoided by becoming a teacher.

A dollar is supposed to be better than a nickle but a nickle goes to church more.

"Miss Gerry McHardy," said the science professor, Mr. Roberts, "would you care to tell the class what happens when a body is immersed in water?" "Sure," said Gerry. "The telephone rings-----but it's not Ian".

Small boy to father: "Here's my report card and one of yours I found in the attic.

I was a boy scout until I was sixteen, then I became a girl scout.

# Newcomers

## MARY BAPTIE- GRADE TEN

Mary was born in Calgary on December 22nd, 1937.

FAVORITE SPORT - Swimming or Curling.  
FAVORITE EXPRESSION - Oh Gosh, I don't know!  
FAVORITE COMIC - Archie.  
PASTIME - Going to shows.  
AMBITION - Beautition.

## RON DERRICK - GRADE TEN

Ron was born in Warner Alberta on February 6th, 1937.

FAVORITE SPORT - Hockey.  
FAVORITE EXPRESSION - Big Deal!  
FAVORITE COMIC - Little Abner.  
PASTIME - Doodling.  
AMBITION - Petroleum Engineer.

## MOIRA CULLEN - GRADE TEN

Moirra was born in Calgary on December 23rd, 1936.

FAVORITE SPORT - Riding.  
FAVORITE EXPRESSION - Oh Gad!  
FAVORITE COMIC - Archie.  
PASTIME - Reading.  
AMBITION - Stewardess.

## NEIL BEIL - GRADE TEN

Neil was born in Calgary on January 9th, 1938.

FAVORITE SPORT - Hockey.  
FAVORITE EXPRESSION - Hi, George.  
FAVORITE COMIC - Blondie.  
PASTIME - Shows.  
AMBITION - Chemist.

## JOHN DERRICK - GRADE TWELVE

John was born in Lethbridge on October 10th, 1935.

FAVORITE SPORT - Swimming.  
FAVORITE EXPRESSION - That's Keen or Wow!  
FAVORITE COMIC - Mickey Mouse.  
PASTIME - Going to shows.  
AMBITION - Graduate.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON PRITCHARD - GRADE TWELVE.

Jeff was born in Brantford Ontario, March 1st, 1934.

FAVORITE SPORT - Baseball.  
FAVORITE COMIC - The Ozark.  
PASTIME - No Comment.  
AMBITION - To retire at 21.

# MUSICAL NOTE \$

The school band got off to a fairly slow start this year but it is really rolling now. It is missing a tenor sax and one trumpet but it gained three violins, an accordion and a vocal quartet. You all know who plays the respective instruments so I need not tell more.

The first public appearance of the group was for the J.C.'s Variety Night, November 21, at which time they played "Walkin' to Missouri", "The Nest, a Nest and You", and "In the Mood." I don't mean to boast or anything, but they received more applause than anybody in the the whole concert.

In the record department, "You Belong To Me," seems to be heading the popular tunes. In the jazz category we have first the bands, with Woody Herman and his third ~~hard~~ herd, playing "Stompin' at the Savory," on a Mars label. You will most likely have to get this one on a special order from a record store but it's worth it. In the small combo division Flip Phillips' quintet has an old tune with new chords and riffs added. The tune is "Broadway" on a Mercury record (not available on 45's.) For those lovers of classics, Victor has a fairly new record of Mozarts' Concerto in B flat for Bassoon and Orchestra. The Orchestra is the Boston Symphony under Serge Kousevitsky with Leanard Sharrow playing the bassoon. (Victor L.P., flip-Mozarts' Jupiter Symphony.)

# X-Students

Box 237  
University of Alberta  
Edmonton, Alberta.

Hi Everybody!

Well, life at U. of A. is certainly different from life at dear old Banff High School to say the least. When you recall all the terrific times we had on our hikes, especially the overnights, the wonderful excitement of a trackmeet,— these are the things that make you wish for home and believe me I'm just counting the days until Christmas.

Now to get down to life at U. of A. Our alarm sounds off at seven-thirty, giving us 15 minutes to get over to Athabasca (men's residence) where we eat breakfast. This is really a morbid meal because no one utters a word except to ask for something, so all you do is pass, pass, and still pass food to those close-mouthed, half starved boys so of course you never have a chance to eat anything yourself.

Breakfast over, I am faced with the delightful thought of tripping ten blocks down to the Education building for an eight-thirty lecture. At 11:30 we tear up to the Medical building for our next class, and finally at 12:30 back to Pembina for dinner. Our meals consist of good wholesome food, but who likes wholesome food? What I wouldn't give for some of Mother's apple pie or chocolate cake!

Classes are usually finished by 3:30 and with full intentions of going right home to study, you casually ramble over to the Tuck Shop—coffee won't take any longer than fifteen or twenty minutes anyhow. Finally you arrive home just before the second bell rings

for dinner (the place is loaded with all kinds of bells.) After supper a few gather 'round the piano and sing the U. of A. songs, talk and generally fool around until the seven fifteen bell announces the arrival of study hours. These are always interrupted by flying females screaming down the hall to answer that long awaited phone call from you know who. Someone bangs at your door. "Who's got some food?" she wails. You welcome this intrusion for you've been beating your brains out for thirty solid minutes.

At ten-fifteen the bell rings again announcing the end of study hours. The next fifteen minutes are utter chaos! This is gossip time! People are running into each others rooms—singing, dancing, screaming, and eventually the conversation drifts around to studying. "Next week I'm really going to settle down you kids," —eh? How often are these famous words uttered with absolutely no intentions of ever fulfilling them.

The social life is gay, exciting and could be never ending. The dances, parties, hayrides, etc. are always the best social functions yet.

During exams everyone becomes panicky and to see the lights steadily burning until 3 A.M. in the morning is not uncommon.

Oh it's a hard life all right, but do we ever love it! I wouldn't change it for the world. The fun of residence living cannot be surpassed. It's great!

But oh, it will be so wonderful to get home and see those mountains again, and all of your faces.

It won't be long though. See you in twenty days.

Frances Gainer.

# exchange

From Princeton High School "Scribble", comes this poem.

## Body of the Lake

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
And danced and mooned on Moron's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
Because of the bill he had not paid.  
And when the sun its beacon red,  
Had kindled on his worried head,  
The deep-mouthed bloodhounds heavy bay  
Told him the cops were on the way.

(Our sincere apologies to

Sir Walter Scott)

The Vernon "Torch" says, "When it comes to buying perfume,  
you really pay through the nose.

## From the Revelstoke "Lookout!"

When pupils were told classes would be dismissed because  
of teachers' institute, a little boy startled his parents  
with: "No school tomorrow. The teachers are going on an  
innocent toot!"

Woman trying on a fur coat to salesgirl: "I wish it were  
called something besides broadtail. My husband fancies himself  
a comedian!"

# SPORTS

## HIKING

### LAKE O'HARA

Twenty-eight hiking enthusiasts from grades eleven and twelve including four teachers, set out for the Alpine cabin at Lake O'Hara on Saturday, October 4th. Initiations took the spotlight on Saturday night, with everyone getting into the act. Sunday saw the Three Musketeers fight off Black Beard and his crew of cut-throats in a daring battle on the Bay of O'Hara. At 1:30 of that afternoon the strong hearted mountaineers headed down the eight mile stretch to the cars and finally home.

### SHADOW LAKE

The high school took two buses up the wardens' trail along Red-Earth Creek. From the ford they hiked four miles in to the Alpine cabin just below Shadow Lake. After eating their soggy sandwiches at the cabin and lake the crowd sauntered back down the trail. A dousing good time was held at the ford while the fiends were waiting for their buses. When the buses arrived the kids piled in and returned home.

### THE FIELD TRIP

The tab-scrourging hikers from the Banff High School and a few enthusiasts left for Field on Saturday, October 25th. Dividing at Field into two groups (1) to the Fossil Bed on Mount Stephen (2) along the Skyline Trail from Emerald Lake, over Burgess Pass to Field. Many interesting exhibits of fossils and other mineral specimens were displayed on the way home.

## HOCKEY

Da rinks just got ready - but  
Da teams not in dress - so  
Da'll with the hockey  
And on with the res'.

## BADMINTON

While this rubbish is being sold our season of badminton is starting to get underway with prospects for an extremely competitive year. Everyone is turning out. (we hope)

## SKIING

Not having arrived yet, our snow has left our Olympic "champions" in solemn misery amongst their barrel slats. We all hope for snow for we wouldn't/their tears to warp their boards.  
want

# HALLOWE'EN DANCE

Our annual Halloween Dance was held on October 31. The dance started at nine o'clock and everything was worn by the kids except the kitchen sink. When the dance was in full swing, guess who came to make sure everything was going okay? The cops! About nine to nine-thirty the town wreckers came to the dance with all their tall tales of how they filled the school locks with putty, gum, glue and everything else. About ten Mrs. Gehman from the I.O.D.E. presented the prizes for the highest marks in the grades nine and twelve examinations. Guess who got it for grade nine? None other than Bob Sundburg, the boy with the baby blue eyes, dirty blonde hair, and singing trumpet. Doris Livingstone our artist and counter girl, topped the grade twelves.

Prizes for the costumes were won by Yvonne Stazóker as the least dressed girl by wiggling her hips. Ken Williamson, the modest highlander, the most dressed boy (or was he?) Buddy Iverson wore the most original costume. Wow, what legs! Ronnie trend won the most comical costume as the girl with the "hour-glass figure."

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"Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?"

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa talking and all of a sudden she turned out the lights. Well I guess I can take the hint."

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"Well bless my woll," said the ram as he plunged over the cliff,  
"I didn't see that ewe turn."

///\_\_\_\_\_///